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MORE WAGNERISM.

IN another part of our present issue will be found a singularly wise American utterance with regard to the satellites who revolve round great men, and turn their own native darkness into light by the natural law of reflection. Our transatlantic contemporary styles these creatures "smaller-brained men, who move about them (their betters) with the hope of thereby attracting some attention." He goes on to say:—"This class of persons are never calculated to keep the peace, for they are apt, on one hand, to bestow undue praise upon the object of their admiration; while, on the other, they are inclined to belittle everything that does not bow before it as they themselves do. . . . They often madly rush into print, and thus inflict not unfrequently as severe wounds upon their own leader as upon their enemy." No man ever had better reason to know this than the late Richard Wagner; who, there is cause to believe, entertained a sovereign contempt for the parasites that swarmed about him as soon as ever his car, once unnoticed, entered upon a *via triumphalis*. A truly great character will always be followed by admirers and disciples. That is in the nature of things, and to the general advantage. But there is a difference between honest laudation and praise which has self-interest as its aim. So is there a difference between the sincere adherent who would "live up to" his model, and him who joins a cause for the sake of sharing in the fruits of prosperity. What real fellowship had St. John with Judas Iscariot? I do not wish to be uncharitable and judge harshly; but am bound to take note of the fact that a considerable number of persons have been engaged for years past in "exploiting" Wagner, for their own advantage and to the unheeded end of making him ridiculous. While the master lived, the personal consequences to himself were matter for his own reflection. One must marvel that he did not blow upon and disperse the nonentities that dogged his steps and shouted his praises, giving almost supernatural significance to his most common-place word or deed. But Wagner, with all his great qualities, had the littleness of personal vanity. No doubt he despised his *claqueurs* as much as Herod scorned the courtiers who cried, "He is a god." Wagner, having passed away, the acts of his satellites have no longer a personal significance, and lovers of musical art are concerned only with the broader issue of the "ism" bearing the master's name.

Wagner's death was a heavy blow to the satellites, but in one respect it impelled them to become

more troublesome than ever. Their chief no longer supplying material for working up after the manner in such cases, a necessity arose to do something with the old stuff, in order to keep themselves before the world in the old connexion. This naturally tended to the more complete definition of Wagnerism as a "cause," with its special literature and agents of all kinds. Here mischief comes in. "Causes" in art are infinitely to be deprecated. However well founded, they excite the passions, and, consequently, entail the exaggeration of partizanship. They disturb the natural equilibrium of things within the range of their operation, and they seek to attain results, not through the legitimate influence of artistic creations, but by the devices of the propagandist. That Richard Wagner deliberately founded a cause I see no reason to believe. He lived too completely in the present moment for the necessary forethought and calculation, and he lacked the consistency expected of every man who propounds a doctrine in religious, artistic, or social life. As a matter of fact, he directly attributed the development of his method to an "unconscious necessity," which flatly negatives the idea of deliberate and far-seeing purpose. It was left to his more calculating lieutenants to set up "Wagnerism" as a creed, sharply define its limits and put it before the world as a distinctly aggressive thing, waging war against all other musical belief. The lieutenants may find these tactics pay, but at what damage to the chief? They have arrayed against him, as against a deadly enemy, the entire conservative forces of music, and brought him within range of the contempt that instinctively directs itself against themselves.

Dr. Hanslick has recently done good service by publishing in his Vienna paper, the *Neue Freie Presse*, a notice of the latest Wagnerian literature, and our contemporary, the *Musical World*, has earned the thanks of English readers by presenting a careful translation thereof. According to this testimony, the satellites have been gyrating in an extraordinary manner of late, although, I am happy to learn, "the flood of Wagner books and Wagner pamphlets is gradually subsiding into a dropping diminuendo and ritardando"—a fact which will probably give rise to gyrations more extraordinary still. The critic smartly adds: "As we cannot suppose that Wagnerites have lost their love of writing, the love of reading must have ceased on the part of the public. . . . This is very natural. We have at last grown tired of the endless talk about Wagner, which simply indulges in new variations of what has been said on a thousand occasions before, and we can well dispense both with theme and



variations for a considerable time to come." Nevertheless, Wagner literature has received of late some notable additions, in the front of which stands the *Wagner Lexicon* of Messrs. Glossenapp and H. von Stein. The thousand pages of this work are filled with extracts from the Master's writings, classified under proper heads, such as "Religion," "Culture," &c. Every opponent of the Bayreuth composer will obtain the volume as a matter of course, for it supplies a complete armoury of weapons and magazine of missiles for use against the man whose fame it is intended to serve. Dr. Hanslick is struck with the "astounding amount of gall stored up in it." "There probably never was another author who with equally spiteful excitability condemned everything so mercilessly as Wagner has done." To this feature no reasonable man will attach much importance.

"Hard words break no bones," and a man of strong sentiments, or masterful impulses, may be allowed, within due limits, to use corresponding expressions. But the *Lexicon* has special value as an incontrovertible witness to Wagner's extraordinary inconsistency. Dr. Hanslick puts forward a case sufficiently striking. On one occasion the master said, "The public are ready to go in for anything which satisfies its natural and fundamental need; admirable performances, admirable works, are always received by them with an elevated frame of mind and recompensing appreciation." At another time, the same lips declared, "Everything, except, indeed, what is good, has its public." The Wagnerian champions will, no doubt, reconcile these statements to their own satisfaction. "The King can do no wrong," is, with a change in one word, a prime article of their belief. But Wagner was consistent in two matters—he hated the Jews and he detested the Press; he always said so, and never contradicted himself. Dr. Hanslick points out a singular feature in the *Lexicon*. It contains more and longer articles on subjects not musical than on those which concern the art. There are discourses on Architecture, Blood, the Book-trade, Property, Courts, Worship of Saints, the Christian belief, and so forth. According to the Viennese critic this shows a certain unmistakable tendency—"the tendency springing from the word sent forth, in the year 1876, from Bayreuth, to set up Wagner as a kind of Messiah . . . that is to say (in Herr Nohl's words) Wagner as the 'intellectual saviour of his nation and his times.'" In proof, Dr. Hanslick quotes the compiler's own words, and very remarkable words they are: "Insight into a connexion such as Wagner's views on art and general matters clearly present to us, already nourishes in the soul the living germs of a nobler modification of man; thus understood, this perception alone is capable of reconciling with life those who mourn for the great man now dead." So humanity is to be regenerated by Wagner's spirit, and a universal gospel is to come out of Bayreuth! Our new Bible should contain an interesting chapter on the ethics of marriage.

From the *Lexicon* I pass to a *Catalogue* for a Richard Wagner Library, a work in which Mr.

Nicholas Oesterlein deals with everything relating to Wagner, in the shape of music, books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, concert programmes, play bills, and photographs; there being in all 3,236 headings, to go through which, according to Dr. Hanslick, "makes one's brain grow giddy." A more curious volume than this was never inspired by the fanaticism of hero-worship, or the commercial speculation that clings to it. Wagnerians will prize the book as the apple of their eye—even as a clergyman values Cruden's *Concordance*. If they want to know what the master wrote on a beer-mug for a friend, or to read his "verses to a skittle club," or to laugh at "a witticism suggested by a performance of *Rienzi* in Dresden," they have only to consult the *Catalogue* to know where the same may be found. Some of the entries carry hero-worship to the highest pitch of absurdity. Here are a few, *pour rire*:—"No. 287. Visiting card of Richard Wagner." "No. 2,084. Ticket for a seat at a Wagner Concert." "No. 3,073. Four Wagner steel pens." "Cigar tube with Wagner's head." "Finally," writes Dr. Hanslick, "we have portraits of all Wagner singers, male and female (as well as a portrait of the dancer, Herr Price, who took part in the ballet in *Rienzi*) views of all the hotels in Vienna at which Wagner put up, and innumerable other curiosities of a similar description." Finally, it appears that this poor deluded gentleman, Mr. Oesterlein, was ten years in making his collection, and wasted the leisure hours of four or five years in arranging and cataloguing. Dr. Hanslick seems to know him, vouches for his being a "thoroughly amiable Wagnerite," although "he can scarcely move about any longer in his pretty little residence in the Alleegasse, for Richard Wagner is crowding him out." Mr. Oesterlein wants to be rid of his museum, and proposes that it should be bought by some State or town, "or even only a Wagner Association." Is not Dr. von Bülow rich enough to secure the treasure?

Our readers already know that two Wagnerian journals have recently sprung up in Vienna; Mr. Emerich Kastner's *Parsifal* being the elder of the two. Mr. Kastner, in his prospectus, asked everybody to subscribe, "whether for or against" the cause, and, if there be any opponents on the list, they cannot complain of wanting a return for their money. *Parsifal* keeps a weekly Wagnerian calendar, and makes entries like the following:—"Feb. 21, 1869. Letter from R. Wagner to G. Semper. April 27, 1881. Concert of the Ascher Wagner Association. May 1, 1873. Letter from Wagner to Mme. von Schleinitz." Dr. Hanslick says: "Countless numbers of Wagner's adherents may think *Tannhäuser* wonderful and yet consider the weekly calendar very insipid." I doubt it. The genuine adherents of Wagner think nothing trivial where He is concerned whom they have recently been taught to call "The Unique One."

Is Mr. Edward Kulke a genuine adherent of Wagner? The fanatical faithful would answer with a resounding "No!" For this gentleman

judged by his *Richard Wagner, seine Anhänger und seine Gegner*, admires the master's music much more than the music's author. He is spell-bound by every bar in the *Nibelungen*. Hanslick observes: "This, it is true, is ground on which proof and counter proof are virtually impracticable, and on which subjective liking or disliking must ultimately decide the question. When Kulke thinks that passages which strike me as stiff and wearisome are grand and sublime, when he praises up as a miracle of melody, what strikes me as mere bloodless declamation, each of us must quietly leave the other to his belief. In a critic who honours even Liszt's Symphonic Poems as art work of the first-class, such enthusiasm for Wagner's music, which is incomparably more important, cannot surprise anyone." I shall not raise any question of Mr. Kulke's perfect good faith, to the credit of which he is entitled *a priori*. But I also claim for him good faith when he valiantly opposes Wagner's art-theory and all the resultant extravagances of the "Bayreuth Guard." Our author hits out shrewdly at the Guard: "The animosity which Wagner excited against himself has not yet disappeared, and will not disappear as long as, on the other side, an end is not put to the idolatrous worship of genius." He deplores the "frantic Cæsarism in matters of art" which developed itself at Bayreuth in 1876, and even dares to say, regarding the failure of Wagner's Festival Stage Play and School of Music project: "We might regret this were we to consider only Wagner himself, but we must feel pleased at it, if we take a broad and general view of the matter." Mr. Kulke is, furthermore, severe upon Wagner's *Nibelungen* poem, while another writer, Professor Durdik, examines the whole Wagnerian theory in his *Ueber Gesamt-Kunstwerk als Kuntsideal*—a work wherein that theory, according to Hanslick, is "tackled with philosophic thoroughness, and Wagner's castle in the air quietly demolished with a sure hand."

So the "merry war" goes on in the country where it arose. Happily, it affects only to a small extent our own land. Now and then, a forlorn half-sheet appears in a Richter Concert Book, inviting people to join the English branch of a Wagner Society (with a live lord as president) and promising the inestimable boon of the *Bayreuther Blätter* at a reduced price, as well as, to poor musicians, some pecuniary help towards making a pilgrimage to Bayreuth for confirmation in the faith. I fancy that the simple invitation receives very slight notice, despite the live lord and the *Bayreuther Blätter* at a reduced price. English amateurs are little likely to develop much curiosity, and less to get up any enthusiasm about the matter in question. They are willing enough to hear and applaud whichever of Wagner's works pleases them, but they decline to be drawn into the ranks of fanatics sworn to the exclusive service of "The Unique One." Here British common-sense shows itself, at the same time regarding with complacency the antics of Wagner's satellites, since they simply tend to cover the whole "cause" with the ridicule that kills.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

IV.

It was in the year 1868 that I first became acquainted with Anton Rubinstein at the chambers of my friend Hofkapellmeister Joseph Hellmesberger, on the topmost floor of a cruelly lofty house in the Tuchlauben, nearly opposite the Conservatorium of those days; a very different sort of building to the gorgeous edifice behind the Hôtel Imperial in which the *alumni* of the Viennese Hochschule der Musik are now taught how to write fugues, read orchestral scores at sight, and play every instrument under the sun. I was exceptionally lucky in hearing the gifted Moldavian play almost daily for several weeks in succession, in private as well as in public. For the first time the new school of pianism was revealed to me in the fulness of its splendid sensationalism. It had not theretofore been my good fortune to encounter Franz Liszt, its illustrious founder, or even to hear any of his greater P. F. works performed by executants of his own training. Rubinstein's orchestral effects and variety of tone-production on my favourite instrument, therefore, surprised no less than they delighted me. During his sojourn in Vienna he played—more particularly at the houses of his musical friends, where I most frequently met him—music of every period and description; a great deal of his own, more freely, but less carefully, than that of others; the majority of Beethoven's P. F. sonatas, in the interpretation of which, to my mind, he excelled every other pianist of the day; many of Chopin's and Schumann's most difficult works (his renderings of the 5th Impromptu and the *Kreisleriana* can never be forgotten by any who heard them played by him one night after supper at Johann Herbeck's to an audience after his own heart—pianists of a certain force, every man and woman of them); gems of contrivance and constructive ingenuity by Henselt, Tchaikovski, Heller, and several other modern masters; suites by Bach, scraps of Scarlatti, Rameau and Couperin, studies by Hummel and Moscheles, one and all with extraordinary alternations of vigour and delicacy, and, above all, with an ever-present subtle suggestiveness of the player's own distinct individuality. This latter circumstance struck me as all the more singular—when I had become sufficiently familiar with his playing to note its peculiarities—because his compositions had always appeared to me to receive their immediate inspiration, either in subject or style, from some composer other than himself. Thus, anomalous as it may seem, my view of him as an executant and writer may be most aptly expressed as follows: he plays the music of others as though it were his own, and composes his own music as though it were that of other people. Admitting this view to be correct, it would point to the logical deduction that Rubinstein's originality—genius is perhaps the more appropriate term to apply to so remarkable a musician—finds expression rather in his playing than in his compositions; and I really believe that this is so. His is an essentially impressionable and receptive nature,

always—probably quite unconsciously—under the influence of some individuality stronger than its own. Most of his earlier works afford internal evidence of having been suggested by Mendelssohn's elegant melodic forms and graceful methods of treatment. Later ones have obviously been written by Rubinstein whilst he was under the spell of Robert Schumann's imaginative enchantments. Others might have been improvised by a robust Chopin. A very few are Beethovenesque, although in manner rather than in substance, displaying subjects of noble simplicity, broadly and massively handled. In all likelihood, whilst studying the compositions of these and other *maestri* at different periods of his own musical development, with a view to making himself master of their every detail, he has become impregnated with the special characteristics of each great composer successively, and has been constrained by his own sympathetic and plastic disposition to reproduce those characteristics in whatsoever compositions he himself may have given birth to at the time.

But to return to his playing, in which his vigorous individuality has always made itself manifest. Opinions may, and do, differ about his readings of the musical classics, about his *tempi*, and, above all, about his passion for striking contrasts and sensational effects, which prompts him over frequently to endeavour to make the pianoforte do more than it is capable of doing. But I do not think that any experienced pianist, professional or amateur, will deny that Anton Rubinstein is one of the greatest performers on the clavichord whom the last quarter of a century has produced. With respect to touch, flexibility, power and endurance, his is exhaustive playing. It is, perhaps, absurd to speak of his touch as though it were a special capability; for he is possessed of every imaginable sort of touch, from the deep and clinging, which has the faculty of extracting the maximum breadth and length of tone from a tense wire, to the light and feathery, such as notes might be expected to yield were the key-board tripped over by fairy feet or brushed by butterflies' wings. His flexibility is the more amazing that the physical aspect of his fingers, which are short, thick, and blunt, affords no promise of pliancy, but rather the contrary. I have observed, however, in the cases of other admirable pianists, *e.g.*, Wilhelm Taubert, Ferdinand Hiller, Carl Reinecke, Alfred Jaell, Johannes Brahms, Leonhard Bach, and Joséffy, that fingers of the above description, properly trained, are every whit as supple as the long, slender digits of such players as Epstein, Hallé, or Kuhe. Rubinstein's exceptional power and endurance as a pianist are doubtless attributable to his great bodily strength and to a muscular development unusual in pianists. Broad-shouldered, deep-chested and thick-set, any professional pugilist would at a glance pronounce him an ugly customer; and his hand-grip, if he likes you, is something to be remembered with feelings of a not altogether pleasurable nature. Thanks to these corporeal gifts and to the indefatigable industry with which, as

a youth, he applied himself to surmounting the mechanical obstacles that bristle so formidably in every earnest P. F. student's path, Anton Rubinstein (like the greatest of all pianists, living or dead, Franz Liszt) arrived long ago at that advanced stage of proficiency in which mere technical difficulties, howsoever complex and intricate, cease to be a cause of trouble, or even of momentary perplexity, to the player, whose fingers are become capable of carrying out without hesitation, and almost without effort, any instructions conveyed to them by his will, the immediate mandatory and interpreter of his intelligence. The indices of the telegraph dial do not obey the dictates of the "operator" more instantaneously, or with more inevitable exactitude than the fingers of such players as Liszt and Rubinstein unravel the tangles of a skein of musical contrivances at their owner's behest. Nothing short of the absolute subordination of the finger to the brain enables great instrumentalists to execute the astounding feats of sight-reading, and more especially of transposition at sight, that seem to be mere matters of course—all in the day's work, as one would fancy from the ease with which they are accomplished—to Rubinstein. Is it possible to conceive a more surprising display of combined intellectual and physical force than the playing at sight of a difficult piece of music in a key other than that in which it is presented to the performer's eye? Leaving out of the question the elaborate unconscious cerebration that must take place during such an achievement, the change of key necessitates alteration in every mechanical detail of the fingering, and this alteration has to be thought out and put into execution simultaneously by the player, who must, at one and the same time, take into his mind a musical phrase (possibly three or four bars in length), its meaning, accents, &c., and the exact notes of which it is composed in *two keys*, ordering his fingers by an effort of volition in such sort that they shall express that phrase upon the keyboard, not as he sees it with his fleshly eyes upon the printed page before him, but as his spiritual sight informs him it must be at a continuous interval of so or so many notes higher or lower in the scale than the original. I know of no more tremendous achievement—of no exercise of the human intelligence bringing as many faculties of the brain to bear collectively, instantaneously and simultaneously upon one complex purpose. Of all living pianists, to the best of my belief, Anton Rubinstein is the most infallible reader and transposer *a prima vista*. I have stood behind him, scarcely crediting the evidence of my own senses, whilst he has rendered a manuscript orchestral score, in sixteen parts, on the piano with all the freedom and appropriate expression of a first-class pianist who should be playing a P. F. composition with which he was tolerably familiar. I have heard him transpose one of the most heart-breaking fugues (heart-breaking of course, only from a mechanical point of view) of the "forty-eight" from a flat key into a sharp key, the latter not even being one of his own selection, but chosen by a fellow-pianist, whom I shrewdly

suspected at the time to be guilty of intending to set Rubinstein an impossible task. He played the fugue in question—which I had only too good reason to know by heart—without missing a note or omitting an emphasis. When it was over, I noticed that the perspiration was standing out in great beads upon his massive forehead, from which unwonted symptom of fatigue I drew the inference that he had put a heavy strain upon his powers. But that he had performed this astonishing feat, at unforeseen request and without a minute's hesitation, others can testify besides myself. Of those who were present on that memorable occasion, I regret to say, four eminent musicians are no longer living—Kapellmeister Johann von Herbeck; Dr. Edward Schelle, the erudite critic, then wielding his mighty pen in the service of the Vienna "Presse;" Count Laurencin, also an eminent writer upon musical subjects and, through his near connection with the Imperial family (he was a natural son of the late Emperor Ferdinand) a highly influential personage in the art circles of the Kaiserstadt; and Roever, the accomplished 'cellist of Hellmesberger's unrivalled Quartet-party, which is still an honoured and flourishing institution of the Austrian capital. But the Hellmesbergers themselves, father and son—the two "Pepis" who have played such leading parts in the musical life of Vienna for a score of years past—are still alive and hearty, well able to bear witness to the deeds above alluded to, and to many others, scarcely less marvellous, achieved by Anton Rubinstein some sixteen years ago in their presence and mine. So are Gruen, Hoffmann, Epstein, Robert Fuchs, and several more, good musicians and true, at that time constant frequenters of the elder Hellmesberger's "mansion in the skies," where celestial music always rewarded the assiduous climber for an ascent which—did patient and persevering athleticism meet with its deserts—should assuredly have qualified Hellmesberger's more intimate friends for memberships of the Alpine Club.

Rubinstein's playing has always impressed me as being, in certain important respects, unique; for instance, in its fiery impetuosity, its inexhaustible capacity for varying its productions of tone-colour, and—last, though not least remarkable—its extraordinary *pianissimi*; mere instrumental whispers, but perfectly articulate and free from indistinctness. There is more than one eminent performer of the present day who can "sing" upon the piano quite as sweetly and intelligently as Rubinstein, and who is fully his equal in the execution of individual *tours de force*; but I know of no other whose forces manifestly increase, instead of diminishing, with the vanquishing of each successive difficulty that presents itself to him, and who, at the end of a long programme, can play its last number—generally a terrible exposition of some paramount technical difficulty or difficulties—more brightly, crisply, and vigorously than he played its first. Rubinstein compels the pianoforte to yield up and give out its utmost tone-power, not by thrashing it as though it were a hereditary foe with whom it is his purpose

to settle an account of offence that has been running for several centuries, but by applying to its keyboard the exact sort of pressure, which is bound to bring it to compliance. It may be said that pianofortes find the discipline they receive at his hands extremely trying—more so, even, than some of them can bear without breaking down under their trials. But, on the other hand, a good master chastens the servant whom he loves—of course, for that servant's good—and no pianist alive, I will be bound to say, is more deeply attached to the instrument upon which he plays than is Anton Rubinstein, that fine musician, magnificent executant, and prince of good fellows to boot.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

HYMNS, PSALMS AND ORGANS IN THE NORTH.

At the recent Scotch May Meetings the Caledonian mind was again somewhat exercised over three fine old crusted themes. These were, it is almost superfluous to say, the Hymnal, the Psalmody, and the Instrumental music questions. During the Assembly weeks the fair Scotch capital looks its very best. Cambric neckties of unusually spotless white are donned, and at those cozy Presbytery dinners exhilarating sentiments and stories are freely exchanged. More particularly is this the case with the younger shepherds, who spare not the vulnerable points in say the armour of an heretical brother. There was, to be sure, no traducer of the faith before the fathers, but, for all that, the meetings in connection with both Kirks lacked not a measure of humour, as we shall presently try to see. Last year's comic man failed, it may be noted, to enter an appearance, but Muckairn is, presumably, familiarising himself with the Crofter question, with the Egyptian puzzle, and with the precise *locale* of Moab's washing pot, preparatory to his vanquishing all who would despoil his chance of a seat in St. Stephen's. History tells us that there was only the one genuine Macnab, in spite of that arrant impostor who, it is recorded, had a visiting card on which he declared to the world that he was "The other Mucnab." In like manner there is only the one Muckairn. He was not with us in the flesh on the occasion under notice, as we have just said, and it were impossible to find his equal. Still other humorous ones hied themselves to the meetings, and they waxed fiery and eloquent on the three burning themes which may, fittingly enough, be glanced at in a musical journal. Several of the brethren were, sure enough, "sair haudin doon wi" the hymns. It was imagined, but rashly, we fear, that Dr. Boyd's speech on the "Appendix" would have abolished the malcontents in the Established Assembly. But no. Colonel Williamson, for example, objected to the wholesale distortion of words; and the soul of a Mr. Macdougall was greatly perturbed because "Lent was taught out and out" in Hymn No. 209, and because the "Stabat Mater Doloroso" teaching showed that the

Hymnal Committee were imbued with thoroughly Popish doctrines. Then, another distortion had reference to matrimonial celebrations, and Mr. Macdougall also reminded the fathers and brethren that Presbyterians abjured kneeling at the altar on those momentous occasions. Mr. Macdougall evidently, in short, has no sympathy with those who long for the flesh-pots of Egypt; he will not even accept of a compromise in the shape of a modest quail; his war-cry is the manna of the wilderness. Colonel Williamson got intensely patriotic; for Lawers is a Caledonian every inch of him. Thus "the most beautiful hymns in the English Hymnal were written by Scotchmen. No Englishman could preach like a Scotchman; no Englishman could sing like a Scotchman—(laughter)—and he would defy them to pray like Scotchmen." But, after all, the Colonel is a bit of a wag. Were he not so, he is, without doubt, the long-lost brother of one who, it is well known, statedly prayed that "the Lord might gie us a guid conceit o' ourself." In the other house Professor Bruce had worthy charge of the hymns. True, he fell foul in his own well-meaning way of "the very inferior and unimpressive praise of the Church," and he had a characteristic "dig" at the modern precentor, the Scotch functionary, we hasten to explain, who rejoices in this cognomen. Mr. R. G. Balfour, in giving in his report on Psalmody, was not quite at one with the reverend Professor, for he ventured to declare that Dr. Bruce was a pessimist. Mr. Balfour further paid a compliment to "the rich undercurrent of bass" in the voices of the Free Church Assembly itself, admitting, at the same time, the "absence of the flute-like tenor." Whereupon he drew the very proper inference that the east wind had much to answer for. Mr. John Tainsh talked sound sense when he insisted that his church should keep pace with the musical influences of the age. Bad singing was, in his opinion, like "the groans, the sighs, the wailing of the night wind." It was often dignified with the name of praise, "but that did not necessarily presuppose spirituality, nor did careful, expressive, skilled, artistic singing presuppose formality or hypocrisy." There was applause over such a bold deliverance, and it roused, as a matter of course, the Celtic blood of the gallant Major from Eskbank. The Major gave a deplorable account of the manners and customs of his own fellow-worshippers. Some, he said, left when the hymns were announced, and others "sat sighing, and would not join." He would like "inspectors to visit Mr. Greenfield's, in Stornaway, at his next Communion, and he (Major Macleod) would abide by the decision if the deputation were *impartial*." There was much irreverent laughter at this appeal, and we are afraid the ill-mannered levity was only increased when the Major insisted that the singing in the Lews, "where they had no idea of punctuation or notes," was better than Dr. Bruce's. Then the Major scored a fine point or two through the agency of the Semitic race and the lawn sleeve. "The Israelites in Babylon refused to sing the songs of Babylon, but the Free Church people sang the

songs of Babylon in the temple." Major Macleod had "served her Majesty for thirty-two years in every clime, and had seen the worship of many Churches." He once heard a bishop, and that bishop was actually preaching. But the military listener was exercised as to where the congregation was. It consisted, as he soon told us, of himself and an old woman—(great laughter)—"and they sent the bag round for a collection." He was not sure that "the poor body put anything into the bag, so, to make up for her, he put in a sovereign." Notwithstanding the munificence of the Major, the Assembly had the bad taste to reject his motion, the terms of which need not be named.

That wicked thing the organ again came up in the shape of ten "overtures" from the Children of the Hill Country. The Hittites, the Gergazenes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia are still wroth. They wanted the Assembly to reconsider and reverse last year's decision whereby, it may be remembered, praise by machinery was authorised under a sort of Permissive Bill arrangement. And thus it came to pass that Glenelg, Sutherland, Dornoch, Lochcarron, Inverness, Skye, Uist, Golspie, and other Synods "overtured" the fathers "to return to and abide by the good old way." Dr. T. A. G. Balfour was selected as a valiant champion of the cause, and he tried the patience of the house by each and all of his well-threshed out polemics. Dr. Smith, in seconding the motion, thought he had something convincing to relate, when he pointed to a petition signed by 82,000 members of the Free Church stoutly refusing to have anything to do with the "Kist o' whistles." Dr. Adam struck a sympathetic chord when he moved that the Assembly should decline to reopen the instrumental music question. He was seconded by the worthy son of a worthy sire, Professor Candlish, and the Home Mission Convener's motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. Our reference to the Organ debate amongst our Free Church friends would not be complete were Mr. Forwell's droll escapade omitted. He evidently runs in harness with Mr. Buchan, of Pathhead. Mr. Buchan thinks that instrumental music is a sensuous order of worship which appeals only to the eye and the ear. Further, concede the dreadful organ, and the door is open for the introduction of stoles and chasubles, vestments in cloth of gold, and incense of an alluring flavour. Mr. Forwell, sure enough, had some difficulty in showing the Assembly that he had something to say. Is life worth living, minus its humorous phases? No. And so, eventually, thought the fathers. Mr. Forwell was then permitted to observe that "he objected to having an organ as an adjunct of worship, because, if it was so regarded, then they could not have family worship at home. He knew an old woman"—(and at this stage a flippant member of the house exclaimed, "Man, know thyself")—"who desired to have worship at home, but she had no organ. A happy thought struck her, and it was this: she made for the bellows, and blew the embers to the tune of 'When the storms of life are raging.'" Mr.

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Forwell ought to qualify for the boards, for, as he vocalised the words just quoted, he raised his knee and imitated the action of the household implement on an imaginary fire. The house laughed immoderately, we are obliged to record, and, when silence reigned, the new humourist remarked that the members were, perhaps, deficient in invention, inasmuch as his venerable lady was capable of finding "sermons in stones and music in a humble bellows." With the adoption of Dr. Adams' motion, the Scotch Presbyterian "bellows" question was snuffed out, and finally and, for ever, it is now believed.

F.

THERE appears to have been an affecting scene at the retirement of M. Pasdeloup, for whose benefit a Concert was organised by MM. Faure and Colonne. At a given moment, according to a French contemporary, "the illustrious author of *Faust* came forward to present Pasdeloup with triumphal wreaths, accompanying the act by a little speech well conceived and expressed with simplicity. General emotion. People wept among the audience and on the platform. Gounod and Pasdeloup, with their cataract of beard, looked like marine deities. It was a symphony of tears—the most beautiful music of the heart. No one present will forget the splendid homage rendered to an artist who belongs to the race of apostles, and in whose soul there is faith." The foregoing is all very well, and we rejoice that the benefit Concert gave M. Pasdeloup some £4,000 upon which to retire in comfort, but why should he and Gounod be likened to Neptunes. French journalists are as unable to refrain from such vagaries as was Mr. Dick to keep King Charles's head out of the famous Memorial.

THE German Opera, as the forger Roupell once said of his worthless self, "is an anomaly, although not exactly an anachronism." The British public support the enterprise of Herr Franke, but rather unequally. *Lohengrin* (for example), on June 11th, attracted so full a house that even a few of the newspaper critics were obliged to go away; yet, on the following Saturday, when *Tannhäuser* invited the world on a fine afternoon, the Royal Italian Opera-house was half empty. How account for this? *Tannhäuser* may be more sombre than *Lohengrin*, and the libretto less interesting, but the situations are fine, and the "Hall" scene of Act II., where the contest of Poets takes place, is one of the grandest stage spectacles that we remember, after the Masquerade Ball in *Gustave III.* The March in B Major, too, vies, in popularity, with the *Lohengrin* preludes. It is to be observed, however, that Madame Albani sang in *Lohengrin* and not in *Tannhäuser*.

IMITATIONS OF GERMAN LAYS AND BALLADS.

"DAS GRAEFLEIN."

(Goethe.)

WE sing and we say of a Baron so gay
Who lived in the ivy-clad tower
Where the new married lord, his descendant, to-day
Held revel for many an hour.
This Baron had gallantly fought the good fight
In the Holy Crusade, for Church, Honour and Right.
When he reined up his steed at his door, to alight,
No response did his summons awaken;
In fact, the old tower was forsaken.

Behold thee, then, Baron, once more in thy home;—

A desolate home it is, truly!

The casements are open—the night-breezes roam

Through the private apartments quite coolly.

"What is to be done? 'Tis a sharp autumn night—

"But many a worse have I passed, till the light

"Of the first morning beam has set everything right—

"Let me see—I might sleep in the stable—

"Or stretch myself out on this table "

But as on the table-top shiv'ring he lay

Beneath it he heard a loud rustling

As though all the rats of the house were at play

Or quarrelling over a crustling.

See! see! yonder stands a diminutive wight

Fantastic and elfish—his hands hold a light—

With quaint salutation and gesture polite

To the Baron (on slumber who reckons)

How slyly he winks and he beckons!

"We have feasted it here, in these desolate halls,

"Ever since thou didst quit thy grey castle;

"And, so long as we knew thou wert far from its walls

"We revelled with wine and with wassail.

"And, if by Your Honour we be not denied,

"The Dwarves shall rejoice in their primitive pride,

"Paying honour and praise to the beautiful bride."

The Baron replied with much grace "Sir,

"Pray do as you please with the place, sir!"

Now, first came three horsemen, who *perdus* had lain

'Neath the flooring, like mice in their holes;—

Then followed a ringing and loud-singing train

Well mounted on weasels and moles.

Then coach after coach, such (with trappings complete)

As in courtyards of palaces royal we meet.

The Baron declared that the sight was a treat!

At last, in a fine gilded carriage,

The Bride and the guests of the marriage.

And now they all hasten, with hurrying strides,

To take for the dancing their places,

With crowdings and waltzings and capers and slides

Showing off to their sweethearts their paces.

They piped and they fiddled, they sang and they

chattered,

They tumbled and giggled, they clamoured and

clattered,

They lisped and they whispered, they flirted and

flattered;—

To the Baron the whole thing was seeming

Like a fanciful, feverish dreaming.

With rattle and patter the chamber resounds

Of chair and of bench and of table.

Now dwarf after dwarf to the buttery bounds

To get what refreshment he's able.

They bring in the ham and the sausage so small

The ven'son, the turbot, the poultry and all:—

For the costliest liquors the elves loudly call:—

They drink and they jest, care to banish;

And then, with a shout, they all vanish!

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

The Legend of Unsterberg, a posthumous two-act opera by Schubert, has just been produced in Vienna. *Le Ménestrel* says:—"Carefully put on the stage, the *Legend of Unsterberg*, had a warm reception, as much for the great name of Schubert as for the poetic qualities and intrinsic merit of his work."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For important reasons of a business nature, the Proprietors of "The Lute" find it expedient to issue their Journal on the FIRST instead of the 15th of each month.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1884.

A SALE of musical MSS. and autographs took place at the Hôtel Drouet a few days since, and the results may be of interest to our readers as showing the market value of composers' remains. The MS. of Méhul's overture to *Valentine de Melan* went for 20 francs, and a *Magnificat* by Generali for 23 francs. These were certainly worth the money. Going higher in the scale, we find a piece by Salieri fetching 35 francs, and one by Philidor, the chess-player, 41 francs; this last being from Cherubini's collection. An example of Meyerbeer was knocked down at 46 francs, but a *suite* of ariettas copied by Jean Jacques Rousseau, in a beautiful hand-writing, reached 155 francs, and a Romance by Weber, 136 francs. An overture by Bellini went still higher (175 francs); a piece by Haydn going on to 180 francs, and six Nocturnes of Donizetti, three unpublished, to 182 francs. Two pages of MS. by Sebastian Bach went for 195 francs; a sketch of a Sonata by Beethoven for 400 francs, and an air by Mozart for 500 francs, at which price an unpublished overture by Rossini was also sold. Of the letters, one addressed to Scribe by Meyerbeer, tell at 6 francs; three of Berlioz, 50 francs; two of Kotti, 6 francs; one of Paganini, 20 francs; one of Martini, 30 francs; one of Schumann, 34 francs; one of Raff, 25 francs; one of Grétry, 31 francs; one of Zingarelli, 45 francs; one of Weber, 52 francs; one of Piccinni, 200 francs; one of Rameau, 300 francs; one of Gluck, 310 francs; and one of Beethoven, addressed to the Countess Erdady, was sold to M. Albert Cahen for 350 francs. But the highest figure of the sale was reached by a letter of Mozart to his sister. This was knocked down at 550 francs (£22).

THE aim and intention of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee are as good and noble as their management is judicious and spirited. Besides having given at the East End some forty Concerts since January, 1883, the Committee have established choral and orchestral classes, under the direction of Mr. W. Henry Thomas, at Clerkenwell and Bermondsey. No less than six hundred and thirty students have this year entered these classes; from which number a choir has been organized, and has already taken part in the weekly Concerts. The nucleus of a band is at present in course of formation. So that in a short time, it is expected, a united choir and orchestra, trained by the society, will appear at the public performances. Mrs. Ernest Hart, the indefatigable honorary secretary, and her fellow-workers, must look upon a result so remarkable with satisfaction and pleasure. In the meantime members have shown themselves desirous of undergoing a test as to their progress and capacity in the art, and one hundred and four students have presented themselves for examination. It is gratifying to add that two-thirds of that number fulfilled the requirements demanded by their examiners. Possibly many of these seekers after acknowledgments of their musical proficiency never before placed their names on a list for educational honours, for the

1884.

LUTE." N^o 19.

This Anthem is published separately. PRICE 2^d

"THE LORD HEAR THEE"

Short Full Anthem

FOR GENERAL USE.



Music by

C.S. JEKYLL.

Organist & Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, G^t MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Moderato.

Trano.  The Lord hear thee in the day of trou - ble: The

Alto.  The Lord hear thee in the day of trou - ble: The

Tenor.  The

Bass.  The

Piano.  The

 name of the God of Ja - cob defend thee;

 name of the God of Ja - cob defend thee; The Lord hear thee in the

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day of trou - ble; The name of the God of Ja - cob defend thee;
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Send thee help from the sanc - tu - ary send thee help from the
Send thee help. from the sanc - tu - ary send thee help from the
Send thee help. from the sanc - tu - ary send thee help from the
help send thee help send thee help

sanc - tu a - ry And strengthen thee strengthen thee out of Si - - on;
sanc - tu a - ry And strengthen thee strengthen thee out of Si - - on;
sanc - tu a - ry And strengthen thee strengthen thee out of Si - - on;
help And strengthen thee strengthen thee out of Si - - on;

Andante con espressione.

Re - mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings:

Re - mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings:

Re - mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings:

Re - mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings:

Senza Org:

And ac - cept... thy burnt sa - cri - fice;...

And ac - cept... thy burnt sa - cri - fice;... Re -

And ac - cept... thy burnt sa - cri - fice;... Re -

And ac - cept... thy burnt sa - cri - fice;... Re -

Org: Senza Org:

- mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings: And ac -

- mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings: And ac -

- mem - - ber all thy burnt of - - fer - ings: And ac -

Grant thee thy heart's de-sire:
-cept... thy burnt sa-cri-fice; Grant thee thy heart's de-sire:
-cept.... thy burnt sa-cri-fice; Grant thee thy heart's de-sire:
-cept... thy burnt sa-cri-fice; Grant thee thy heart's de-sire:

The first system of the musical score for 'LUTE, NO. 19.' consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). They contain the lyrics 'Grant thee thy heart's de-sire:' followed by a line of music. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. It provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

And ful-fil.... ful-fil all thy mind.
And ful-fil.... ful-fil all thy mind. Re-
And ful-fil.... ful-fil all thy mind. Re-
And ful-fil.... ful-fil all thy mind. Re-

The second system of the musical score continues with four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The vocal parts sing 'And ful-fil.... ful-fil all thy mind.' followed by a line of music. The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff, providing harmonic support.

And ac-
-mem-ber all thy of-fer-ings: And ac-
-mem-ber all thy of-fer-ings: And ac-
-mem-ber all thy of-fer-ings:

The third system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The vocal parts sing 'And ac-' followed by a line of music, then '-mem-ber all thy of-fer-ings: And ac-' followed by another line of music. The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff, providing harmonic support.

-cept thy burnt sa - - cri - fice; And ac - cept . . . thy
 -cept thy burnt sa - - cri - fice; And ac - cept . . . thy
 -cept thy burnt sa - - cri - fice; And ac - cept . . . thy
 And ac - cept . . . thy

burnt sa - cri - - fice; Grant thee thy heart's de - sire:
 burnt sa - cri - - fice; Grant thee thy heart's de - sire:
 burnt sa - cri - - fice; Grant thee thy heart's de - sire:
 burnt sa - cri - - fice; Grant thee thy heart's de - sire:
 Colla Org:

And ful - fil ful - fil all thy mind. Grant thee thy
 And ful - fil ful - fil all thy mind. Grant thee thy
 And ful - fil ful - fil all thy mind. Grant thee thy
 And ful - fil ful - fil all thy mind. Grant thee thy

heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all thy mind.

heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all thy mind.

heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all thy mind.

heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all thy mind.

Grant thee thy heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all

Grant thee thy heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all

Grant thee thy heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all

Grant thee thy heart's de - sire: And ful - fil all

thy mind A - - - - men.

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thy mind A - - - - men.

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students, at least some of them, are too advanced to have profited by the School Board; and, it may be added, that although prizes will be awarded, yet the aim of those contending has been free from the desire of gain, if not from the longings of vanity.

By the premature and altogether unexpected death of Louis Brassin, Europe has lost one of its finest pianists and most highly-cultivated musicians. For intelligence of interpretation and exquisite finish of execution Brassin was equalled by few and surpassed by none of the eminent performers of modern times. Born at Aachen on June 24, 1840, he was the eldest of three brothers, all well known in the musical world as distinguished *virtuosi*; his father was a baritone singer of considerable renown in Belgium. Louis went through his musical curriculum at Leipzig, where he studied pianoforte-playing under Ignatz Moscheles (whose favourite pupil he became), and was pronounced by that admirable professor to be "a shining musical talent and a genuine executant genius." Soon after terminating his technical education he was engaged by the celebrated impresario, Ullmann, for a series of "grand tours" with Carlotta Patti and other vocal and instrumental "stars." During this engagement he visited well-nigh every important town in Europe and many across seas; but a nomadic life was by no means suitable to his temperament or tastes, and so, in the year 1866, he accepted the position of chief instructor in P. F. playing at Stein's Conservatoire in Berlin. This post he only held for a year. In 1869 he was appointed Professor of the Pianoforte at the Brussels Conservatoire, to which admirable institution he remained attached in that capacity throughout a decade, adored by his pupils, loved by all his colleagues and sincerely appreciated by the Belgian musical public. As a teacher he was extraordinarily successful, and many excellent pianists in the land of the Tame Lion, as well as in other countries, owe the development of their abilities to Louis Brassin's fine method of instruction. Towards the close of the year 1879 brilliant offers of large pecuniary remuneration and personal distinctions induced him to accept the P. F. Professorship at the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg, which appointment he held at the time of his lamented decease. Whilst living in the Russian capital, he shared its extremely lucrative private teaching with Adolf Henselt, and was enabled to amass a comfortable competence. Still, he loved his work too dearly to dream of abandoning it for private ease, and, shortly before he was stricken down, had accepted engagements to play at the Jubilee Festival in Weimar, and the Silesian Musical Festival, held only a few days ago at Breslau. His pianoforte compositions were numerous and of excellent quality. Countless friends and admirers in every country in Europe mourn his loss. *Requiescat in pace!*

On the 1st of next November Rubinstein's new comic opera, the "book" of which is all about a kiss and a shadow, will be brought out at the Hamburg Stadt-Theatre by Bernhard Pollini. Commenced in Dresden, where the greater portion of its music was composed in a room overlooking the Elbe on the first floor of the Hôtel Bellevue, it will be finished at Marienbad, whither Rubinstein is about to migrate with his family, there to spend the hot summer months in the shade of the fragrant Bohemian pine-woods. The opera owes its existence to an accident that might be termed commonplace, were there not always something

extraordinary about the most seemingly unromantic chances of life. When Rubinstein was "on tour" in Vienna last February, he happened one morning during breakfast to read a *feuilleton* in the *Neue Freie Presse*, having for its subject a singularly fanciful and ingenious Oriental fable, which made a strong impression upon his mind. A few days later he happened to be dining with Ignaz Bruell and Karl Goldmark, to whom, in the course of conversation, he narrated the story, observing at its conclusion that it would make a capital operalibretto, and earnestly recommending the composer of the *Goldenes Krenz* to write the music to it. Neither Bruell nor Goldmark, however, took to the subject. Rubinstein listened to their objections, which he combated with the vehemence that characterises his utterances whenever anything crosses him, and finally, having worked himself up into a state of considerable irritation, exclaimed "Then I'll compose the opera myself." The following is a brief outline of the plot that so strongly laid hold of the Moldavian musician's fancy:—A young Persian nobleman falls desperately in love with the reflection of a lovely female face in one of the numerous mirrors adorning the walls of his sitting-room. This enchanting countenance belongs in the flesh to a daughter of his opposite neighbour, an extremely straight-laced, elderly gentleman, who—taking his ease on his balcony one morning, and being endowed with a pair of uncommonly sharp-sighted, prying eyes—observes with horror and amazement his youthful *vis-à-vis* fondly kissing the simulacrum of his daughter, as presented on the surface of the looking-glass. Forthwith he has the amorous youth arrested and brought before the Cadi on a charge of having insulted a pre-eminently respectable family. The Cadi shares the prosecutor's indignation; but, though he assiduously hunts for precedents in his law books, can find therein no punishment for the offence of kissing the reflection of a lady's face. Fortunately for all parties, a sagacious pedlar in parrots chances to saunter into court whilst the case is being tried, and suggests, as a penalty fully adequate to the crime committed, that the delinquent's shadow be severely bastinadoed by the *ferashes* in attendance. This *peine forte et dure* is duly inflicted; the complainant's honour being satisfied, he is reconciled to the offender by the Cadi; a marriage is speedily arranged between the owner of the pretty face and her admirer, and everybody is made happy in strict conformity with the *lex non scripta* of comic opera.

An interesting and (until a week or two ago) unpublished letter from the pen of the late Richard Wagner, addressed to the Countess Agénor de Gasparin in March, 1861, has been communicated to the *Parsifal*, a Wagnerian periodical issued at Vienna, by a nephew of the lady in question, who is at present residing in Geneva. The genesis of this document is accounted for as follows by its possessor. Wagner was highly indignant at the scandalous treatment to which *Tannhauser* had been subjected by a cabal of frivolous fops at Paris. He had withdrawn that work from the hands of the Operahouse management, and absolutely refused to permit its repetition, although strongly urged to weather the trumpety storm aroused by its production. The Countess de Gasparin, a fervent admirer of Wagner's genius, had been painfully affected by the accounts of the Jockey Club's barbarous behaviour on the occasion in question—details of which filled columns of the leading Parisian papers at the time—and wrote to the great composer a long letter of condolence and sympathy, in which she poured out all the

sorrowful and angry feelings with which her kind heart was overflowing. A few days later she received the answer, which we subjoin in translation:—"Paris, 3, Rue d'Aumale, March 29, 1861.—Honoured Madam,—You cannot for a moment doubt the effect produced upon me by your wonderful letter. You knew that it would bring me the solace of which I stood in need. Accept my heartfelt thanks, and doubt not that I am absolutely incapable of making the least concession to save appearances, so long as the essence of my work fails to obtain recognition. You have assuredly heard ere this that I have withdrawn my opera—I cannot refrain from avowing with what deep inward grief I have done so. The speciality of my artistic conceptions invariably leads me back again to the drama; no means of realising them lie open to me but those connected with the modern theatre; and what sort of an institution that theatre is I need not tell you, for you hold it in no higher estimation than I do. Imagine what my sensations must be when I—emerging, as it were, from the most absolute solitude—find myself compelled to come into contact with this deeply dishonest world, in which everything—aye, even the commonest terms of my craft—hurts me to the very marrow of my bones! Do you now believe me, when I tell you that my longing for death is profound and real? My grateful greetings are yours; grateful, for that I have been permitted to encounter you on the path which else I had been doomed to tread alone! With respectful homage, your most obedient RICHARD WAGNER." It is only too manifest, from the dejected tone of the above remarkable letter that the writer, when he penned it, had drained the bitter cup of disappointment to the dregs. It was indeed, indicted at one of the darkest moments of his chequered life, when his gallant spirit was all but broken by a crowning mishap. Happily, Fate had splendid compensations in store for the then unappreciated composer of *Tannhauser*, including the opportunity of writing a savage and stupid pasquinade against the doomed capital of France in 1871.

Music, the universal language, has many dialects. Yet there is a tendency to treat everything not uttered in German fashion as trite or vulgar. This utterly mistaken notion leads musicians of every country to cast their musical thoughts in one mould. It was exemplified at Senor Sarasate's fourth concert in St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, May 31st, when a "Symphony Espagnole for violin and orchestra," by E. Lalo, was performed. As the sonata form is not natural to the Spaniard, one is tempted to ask, why did the author strain his musical thread to fit the gigantic frame whereon the Teuton weaves his art fabrics? Better far had he trimmed the fancies he spun over four movements to a closer, more compact, and less pretentious pattern. Then, however, there would have been a fear that the result could not be dubbed classical. But how very few of the thoughts and emotions which agitate humanity ever receive the dignity of classical utterance! So with the melodic thoughts of mankind. Wiser than the composer of the Spanish symphony, Senor Sarasate allowed his notions free play in the music of the dances of his country. In that case, however, he was but going back to the elements from which the symphony sprang. The Spanish dances of which he has written, or arranged, more than one book, are all exceedingly interesting, and the *Habenera*, played by him on the occasion under notice, is perhaps one of the most graceful and piquant. Unlike Liszt, who, forcing Hungarian airs out of all proportion, turns the clearly-defined dance tune

into an instrumental Babel, the Spaniard, catching the stately elegance, as well as the sparkling vivacity of the music of the national dance, expresses it by the instrument of which he is a master with a simplicity that conveys a sense of truthfulness. For offerings such as these Senor Sarasate deserves special thanks. A desire is abroad for information concerning the form each and every race adopts in the musical expression of its feelings and emotions. No phrase, however crude, will be thought worthless, if it but illustrate any one mode by which the human heart makes its joys and sorrows known. London audiences are, happily, to a great extent cosmopolitan in taste, and do not refuse attention or appreciation to musical thoughts which have not had the doubtful advantage of being strained through a German filter.

THAT the Ninth Symphony might possibly raise a state of tumult in the minds of a certain class of listeners is a statement that, from the abnormal nature of the astounding work, few will find it difficult to understand. But that it should be capable of driving anyone, however excitable, to the verge of distraction never was suggested to us until the other evening, on leaving St. James's Hall, after a fine performance, under the baton of Herr Richter. Then we were reminded, by the observations of a companion, that the mental condition of each auditor supplies the several themes with forces endless in their variety. The same sounds are answered by widely diversified echoes. "At the time I first heard the Ninth Symphony," said our companion, "I was steeped in misery, wrought by a calamity that suddenly quenched every flicker of joy in a home made bright with realised hopes. At that moment, when the cup of bliss had been dashed from my lips, seeking forgetfulness, if not relief, in music, I went to hear the 'Choral Symphony'—and to what other earthly source could I, in the fever of my grief, go for a more refreshing draught? But as the strains flowed on my despair seemed to rise like a rock, against which the currents dashed and roared. My misery appeared even to taint and poison the pure fountains of harmony. The subjects of the first movement sounded in my ears like the stern decrees of fate; while their development, analysis, subdivisions, and combinations, tortured me with the idea that it was impossible ever to escape their cruel grasp. Instead of hilarity, the scherzo and trio brought the harrowing sensations that accompany untimely mirth. They seemed to mock my woe with delirious strains and frenzied measures. Only the adagio brought comfort. Then I became conscious that there was a kind of music that may with certainty be termed heavenly. Surely such a stream of melody had nothing less than a divine source! How lightly it carried me with all my heavy load upon its buoyant bosom. Surely, I thought, I might at last reach a secure haven of rest. No: too soon the spell was broken, by the tempest of the fourth movement. Now the very flood gates are opened, and my vexed soul was tossed wildly to and fro by the agitated currents. And the voices, the utterances of humanity, sounded, as did the despairing wail of men and women in the days of Noah, when the waters in retribution covered the face of the earth. To my broken spirit the singers were shouting wreckers who revelled in the disaster of my life. Although years have passed, and brought partial oblivion of my griefs, yet to-night the strains of the symphony recalled my sorrows. Beethoven's sublime work is unhappily linked to my calamities, and the association makes it pain for me to listen to one

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of the grandest efforts of musical genius the world has ever witnessed." Without joining in these hysterical rhapsodies of our companion, the truth was brought home to us, that it is possible for music, and that of the highest class, to intensify a grief, and that when a connection is thus formed between a melody and a certain state of mind, the subtle tie cannot be entirely dissolved.

ANOTHER memorial is about to be erected to the memory of the immortal Mozart by the descendants of the Viennese who allowed the remains of that inimitable composer to be cast into the burying-place assigned by the city to its dead paupers, and omitted to mark—even with a common wooden cross—the spot of ground in which his body was thus ignominiously interred; so that, but a few days afterwards, when the widow had sufficiently recovered to visit her late dead husband's resting-place, the exact locality of his grave could not be identified. It was not until the year 1859 that the city of Vienna caused a monument to be constructed on the "probable site" of his last resting-place. Within the last quarter of a century a distinct revival of the "Mozart-Kultus" has taken place in the Austrian capital, and has recently found practical expression in a public subscription of over £5,000, set afoot with the object of doing further honour to the *manes* of Austria's greatest musician. The committee appointed to deal with the fund thus raised (to which amount additional contributions from Germany and England are confidently expected to accrue) has resolved, with the permission of the municipality, to set up the proposed memorial on the stone esplanade fronting the handsome Kursaal in the Town Park. It is to stand on a slight elevation, popularly known as the Rose-Hillock, in such a position that two flights of converging steps will lead up to it from the park-level, and that its architectonic background will be the Stadtpark itself. The monument and all its accessorial embellishments are to be executed in white marble, and in the *baroque* style of sculptural art that was the fashion at the time when Mozart's creative genius was in its fullest force and activity. The artistic carrying out of this project will be thrown open to public competition, and all designs, sketches, plans, &c., will have to be sent in to the committee by March 1, 1885. A jury of twelve skilled and disinterested artists will decide upon the respective merits of these drawings, to the three best of which will be adjudged prizes of £300, £200 and £100. That which shall carry off the first prize will then be without delay put into execution. As £5,000 will not nearly defray the cost of a memorial upon a large scale, such as the committee and the Viennese public at large are bent upon erecting, the former proposes to address the managements of all the European opera-houses, and the *impresarii* of migratory operatic companies, exhorting them to give one special performance each on behalf of the Mozart Memorial Fund. By this expedient it is hoped to realise the sum of £20,000, with which a monument worthy of the Prince of Song and of the Imperial City that treated him so scurvily in life and death, may be raised, to remind the world of one whose works, for a century past, have been the inexhaustible source of pure and sweet delight to uncounted millions, and of whom, shortly after his most miserable death, it was aptly written:—"Chordis infans miracula mundi auxit et Orpheum vir superavit."

A STRIKING contrast to the poverty of *répertoire* characterising London operatic "institutions,"

which take credit for having splendidly fulfilled their mission to society if they produce one, or at most two novelties per season, is afforded by the *resumé*, just made public, of the so-called winter season of the Hamburg Stadt Theater, brought to a close a few weeks ago. Within a period of less than six months the Pollini *impresa* performed sixty-five operas and fifty-two plays. Amongst the productions belonging to the former category were the following important novelties:—Mackenzie's *Colomba*, Stanford's *Savonarola*, Rubinstein's *Sulamith*, Gounod's *Tribut de Zamorra*, and *Unter Raubern*, *Château de l'Orme*, *Spanische Studenten*, and *Die Nuernberger Puppe*. Operas by Wagner (6), Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Auber, Massenet, Goldmark, Marschner, Goetz, Flotow, Bizet, &c., were included in the long list above alluded to, arranged for the entertainment of a musical public furnished by a city of about 350,000 inhabitants; which public, be it observed, supports its opera-house (as well as several other theatres) with sufficient spirit and constancy to render the concession granted by the municipality to Bernhard Pohl a remunerative investment for his capital and ability. London, on the other hand, with its 4,000,000 of population, can scarcely keep its leading operatic enterprise going for three months in the year; and it is an open secret that, until the spring of 1883, Carl Rosa derived loss rather than profit from his annual four to six weeks' performances of English opera in this metropolis. With his excellent company and orchestra he made money in the provinces and lost it in London. Operatic enterprise, in fact, has spelt ruin to London *impresarii*, one after another, for half a century past; whereas ten years' management of the Hamburg opera-house have enabled Bernhard Pohl (Pollini) to realise a handsome fortune. This intelligent "Herr Direktor" has recently brought out another native star. His last feat in this direction, as will be remembered, was the production of Heinrich Boetel, the cabman tenor, who is now earning from £3,000 to £4,000 a-year as a singer. This time it is a locksmith named Cords who owes his presentation to the Hamburg public as a *primo baritone* to Pollini's artistic appreciativeness and commercial smartness. From all accounts the new *débütant* possesses a magnificent voice, an excellent memory, and remarkable musical and dramatic aptitude.

A BRIEF sketch of Madame Patti's parentage and early childhood, as narrated by herself, to Queen Isabella of Spain, will be read with interest by her numberless friends and admirers. The "Reyna muy Española" greeted Adelina as a compatriot of whom she (the Queen) was proud, and invited her, as well as her father, to be seated, saying: "Now, my dear, I wish to hear from your own lips, whether you were really born in Madrid, and of Spanish parents. The newspapers, which print all sorts of wonderful things about you, and quite rightly, are all at odds about your nationality. Tell me, therefore, may I look upon you as my countrywoman? may I claim you for Spain?" Adelina respectfully kissed her Majesty's hand, and replied: "In the year 1843, my father and mother, the Italian vocalists, Patti and Patti-Barili, came to Madrid on tour. My mother, who had stuck to the name of her first husband, was a Roman by birth, and one of the most celebrated singers of her day. On Feb. 18 she appeared in *Norma*, her favourite and most successful part, and, almost immediately upon returning to her hôtel from the theatre after the performance, she whispered in her delighted husband's ear, the words "sono madre," with which,

as the Druid Priestess, she had made confession to Orovess but a short time previously behind the footlights. Thus I was born at the smallest of the small hours of February 19, 1843. Three weeks later, my sisters Amalia and Carlotta, my brother Carlo and my small self were carried off by our parents to Italy, where we remained for the ensuing three years. My father then placed my two elder sisters in a boarding-school at Milan, and started with his wife and younger children for New York, where I lived until my sixteenth year. The heavy expenses he was put to by his numerous family compelled my father to turn my talents to account somewhat prematurely. As an 'infant phenomenon' I accompanied him through the whole continent of South America between the ages of seven and ten."

As there are evidences that the Italian, neither as executant nor instructor, will much longer hold his accustomed supremacy in the vocal art, it behoves the native teacher to concern himself with the question—What is there in the old mode worthy of retention? Possibly he may get some useful hints from the writers on Comparative Philology. These instructive authors call attention to the bent of each particular race to the use of certain sounds. Little observation, however, is needed to discover that the English have a tendency to contract the vowels as much as possible. Whether this proneness to avoid such sounds as the Italian A proceeds from physiological causes we will not stop to inquire, but it is certain all the same that the English mouth prefers sounds requiring less muscular extension. Hitherto this peculiarity has been but little recognised by singing masters, who have generally insisted upon their pupils employing the open vowel A in scale practice and *vocalizzi* exercises. Yet one would think that the closer vowel which prevails in the vernacular should hold a corresponding place in any plan pursued for the cultivation of the voice. Instead of which the custom has been to force the student to the use of a vowel that, by habit, if not by nature, is foreign, and consequently difficult of sustained utterance. An Italian, it is true, does not become tired quickly in vocalising upon the A, but an English throat soon suffers fatigue from the effort required for the unusual position. That many of our young voices are permanently injured by the violence with which this method is pursued is a fact well known to those who take cognizance of the results of "three years' study" under such a system. It might be said that the adoption of the open vowel, the Italian A, is really necessary in training the voice like to an instrument. But will not the closer vowel do equally well? Perhaps the mode was essential when the object of the singing-master was to qualify his English pupil for a career on the Italian stage. But that bright vision is passing away. Already the public prefer good singing in English to bad attempts in the sweeter tongue. Therefore, the vocal instructor of the future will have to study chiefly our native, and by no means unmusical, tongue; to measure its strength as well as its weakness; to ascertain its declamatory possibilities, and its phonetic hindrances; and make the best of materials afforded him for the training of thoroughly English singers.

WE hear of another Wagnerian journal, the *Allgemeiner Richard Wagner Verein*. It is to be illustrated. Does true art ever need such organised and sensational propagandism? If so, true art is unfortunate in requiring that which degrades it.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

BROXBURN.—Mr. A. Greenslade's Choir, of Edinburgh, sang a few solos and choruses at the above place on Monday evening, 16th June, in connection with the new E. U. Church. Miss M. Hay and all the soloists did their parts exceedingly well. Mr. Greenslade conducted and accompanied in good style. The hall was crowded in every part.

EXETER.—The Oratorio Society have been successful in their first performance this year. The works given were Mr. A. R. Gaul's *Holy City* and Sir Wm. S. Bennett's *May Queen*. The composer conducted the performance of the first-named work—which was enthusiastically received by a fairly numerous audience, Mr. Gaul having frequently to bow his acknowledgments. Mr. G. W. Lyon (hon. conductor of the society) directed the performance of Bennett's beautiful pastoral. The principal vocalists were Miss F. Norman (sop.), Miss Clara Latham (con.), Mr. Iver McKay (ten.), and Mr. Barrington Foote (barytone). Miss Lyon assisted in the trio "At eventide it shall be light" (unaccompanied). Mr. Gaul was very pleased with the performance of his fine cantata. The band and chorus were 160 strong.—The Festival of the Western Counties' Musical Association was very successful. Among the works performed were Mozart's Requiem Mass, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerrin*. Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac. (Cathedral, organist), conducted.

LIVERPOOL.—The long continued fine weather here and the consequent attraction presented by the early summer glories of the parks and promenades has again directed attention to the question of open-air music. Even Paris (excluding the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Palais Royal) is not so well off in the matter of parks as is Liverpool and its sister town Birkenhead, and it will therefore be a matter of much surprise to many to learn that only now for the first time are open-air Concerts to be given in the park of the latter town. In Liverpool several bands are already well into their summer season, and very shortly the later ones will commence. There is still room for more music, however, and an appeal may well be made to the managers of the boys' schools possessing bands for the favour of their services. Some of these juvenile instrumental bodies can produce really excellent music, worthy even of the days of "Dr. Marks' little men," and very slight pressure on the worthy managers would induce them to give the public benefits which would doubtless be much appreciated. Music has found a worthy advocate hereabouts in the person of Dr. Stubbs, the new Bishop of Chester, who discoursed pleasantly and wisely on the subject at the annual gathering of the Wirral Church Choir Union on Wednesday, the 18th June.

MERTHYR.—On Whit Monday a brass band contest for three prizes, viz., first of £30, second of £10, and third of £5, took place at Penyarden Park. Six bands competed, as follows:—Cyfarthfa; Irwell Bank, Manchester; Hardy's, Tredegar; Merthyr; Mountain Ash; 1st Glamorgan Artillery (Morriston). Mr. C. Godfrey of the Royal Horse Guards was the adjudicator, and he accorded the 1st prize to the Irwell band, the second to the Cyfarthfa band, and the third to the Morriston band. He has since given a detailed criticism of the respective performances. Space will not permit our reproducing this at length, but we may note a few of his observations on the prize taken

As to the Irwell band, he said the quality of tone was very good; the style of playing was good, and the precision very good. The Cyfarthfa had a good style of playing, a good quality of tone, and precision moderately good. No. 6 band: style of playing and quality of tone good, precision moderately good. For the satisfaction, more particularly of the local people, Mr. Godfrey gave his notes on the execution of various movements by the respective bands *in extenso*.

SURBITON.—Mdlle. Luzeau-Coudrais gave an admirable Concert here on Tuesday evening, May 27, which was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. She was assisted by a number of well-known artists, amongst whom we may mention Signor Ria, Mr. L. Vallenge, Mdlle. de Bono, and Miss Rose Carleton. The *bénéficiaire* was rapturously encoored for her excellent rendering of two new songs, the compositions of Signor Denza, who accompanied her. The Concert was a great success.

SWANSEA.—It is stated that at the end of the London operatic season Madame Patti will kindly give a Concert here in aid of several deserving objects. The re-appearance of the celebrated vocalist is looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation. On the 10th of June a resolution was passed unanimously by the Swansea branch of the Sunday School Union, protesting against the recommendation of the Watch Committee that permission be given for bands to play in the public parks on Sundays, and on the following day a deputation of about sixty gentlemen waited upon the Town Council in reference to the subject. A memorial was presented to the following effect: "We, the undersigned, ministers of religion, superintendents and teachers of Sabbath schools, and others, with very great apprehension and sorrow have learnt that it is the intention of the Watch Committee of Swansea to recommend to the Town Council that the police and other bands of music be invited to play in the parks on the afternoon of each Lord's Day during the ensuing summer. Your memorialists believe that ample liberty and easy facilities are already afforded to those who are disposed to spend their Sundays seeking recreation. We believe it will be beyond the province, and highly unbecoming that the Town Council should provide further attractions, and thus entice the community to desecrate the Lord's Day and neglect their highest interests. We are fully persuaded that the quiet sacredness of the Sabbath and the efficiency of the Sunday Schools, are vitally connected with the social and moral welfare of the community, and that the regard in which they have hitherto been held in the United Kingdom and especially in Wales is largely the cause of our prosperous condition. We know of no reason why our long-established Sunday quietness—sweet and beneficial for all—should be disturbed and changed into frivolity and mirth, &c." A long discussion took place, but the recommendation of the Watch Committee was eventually adopted by the Council.

TROWBRIDGE.—A very effective performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* was given by the Musical Union of this town on the 22nd of May. The orchestra was complete, and played the symphonic movements with great effect. The chorus were also quite equal to their arduous task. Madame Lita Jarratt, of London, sang the soprano music most acceptably, as did Mr. E. T. Morgan, of Bristol Cathedral, the tenor part. Mr. W. Millington led the band and Mr. H. Millington conducted. The above society also gave their conductor a com-

plimentary and benefit Concert on 19th inst. The orchestra of the society played the instrumental music to much satisfaction. The vocal soloists were Madame Jarratt and Mr. Mather. The whole Concert was most successful.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS."

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—Several times of late I have read the assertion that the Mass generally called "*Mozart's Twelfth*" is not his at all, and in a letter written to THE LUTE last month, by Mr. A. E. Rogers, of Belper, the editor says that "the best authorities, including Köchel and Otto Jahn, agree that it is not his, and that the real author is not known." Coming from such a quarter that seems to settle the question, yet may I say without presumption that the mere circumstance that the "*real*" author is stated to be "*unknown*" makes me unwilling to accept even such men as Köchel and Jahn, when they say, "Well, we neither know nor care *who* wrote that Mass, all we know is that it is certainly *not* Mozart's!" Such an *ex-cathedra* style of arguing is hardly convincing. Looking at the *internal* evidence in this case, if Mozart was *not* the composer, who was? It is quite in Mozart's style, and is certainly *worthy* of him. Haydn indeed might have written such a Mass, his style having much of the elegance and grace which characterize Mozart's music, but such a supposition is too absurd to be seriously sustained, and as regards Beethoven, he indeed possessed sufficient *genius*, but it is not in his manner. I think the *onus* of proof rests upon those who wish to disturb Mozart's claim, and we are entitled to ask them; "If Mozart is *not* the author, tell us *who is*, and give us your facts and your arguments." Until then we hold "possession is nine points of law," and your *unknown* composer is inadmissible into Court.

D. BAPTIE.

[We cheerfully publish Mr. Baptie's letter, but cannot at all agree with him when he says that the argument against the authenticity of the so-called "*Mozart's Twelfth Mass*" is weakened by the fact that the real origin of the work remains undetermined. A question of this kind is settled, for or against authenticity, by historical and internal evidence concerning the work itself; decision as to the actual authorship, if the thing be spurious, lying outside the main line of enquiry. Mr. Baptie's reasoning from the style and merit of the "*Twelfth Mass*" is good as far as it goes, but it goes only a little way. The style was that of the day, and Von Köchel gives a list of no fewer than sixty-two compositions which were at one time falsely ascribed to Mozart. On the point of merit, we may remind our correspondent that the movements in the "*Requiem*" now positively known to be by Süßmayer, were accepted as Mozart's till within a recent period. Let us add (1) that the Mass in G was first published as Mozart's No. 7, by Simrock, of Bonn, and then as Mozart's No. 12, by Novello, of London; that (2) its authenticity was challenged by Seyfried as far back as 1826; that (3) Otto Jahn, in rejecting the work, declares the instrumentation, especially the bassoon part, to be at variance with Mozart's Salzburg manner—we know that only the Marriage Mass was written after the master left Salzburg—and that (4) the "*Twelfth Mass*" is not included in the complete edition of Mozart's works just published by

Breitkopf and Härtel. This consensus of critical and authoritative opinion seems to us not at all affected by inability to determine who was the actual composer of the disputed work.—Ed. LUTE.]

"AULD LANG SYNE."

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—You invite remarks on "Auld Lang Syne" at page 143 of your June number. Well, it is just fifty years since the grand "Royal Musical Festival" in Westminster Abbey, held (exclusive of four rehearsals) on 24th, 26th, and 28th June and 1st July, 1834. In the "Supplement" to the *Musical Library*, No. 5, for August, 1834 (published by C. Wright), is a print of the Abbey as it then was, and a list of all the performers who took part, and an account of the performances. Of the principal singers, Madame Clara Novello is almost the only survivor. The alto parts were taken by male voices, Messrs. Hawkins and Terrail being the principal. In the *Musical World* of 1836 or 1837 one "A in Alt." complained of the transition to the employment of female contraltos, and Miss Postans, i.e., Mrs. A. Shaw and Miss M. B. Hawes soon began to come to the front, as at the Gloucester Festivals of 1838 and 1841.

In the November number of the same serial is a list of all the performers engaged at the Birmingham Musical Festival on 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th October, 1834, at the opening of the Birmingham Town Hall. Messrs. Hawkins and Terrail again represented the altos.

It is curious now to read the current criticisms of Mendelssohn as a rising composer, and of the various operas of Balfe and others, as they then came out.

In June, 1836, p. 90, we have the verses on the curious case of the prize glee written by "Mr. Elvey, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor," (now Sir George Elvey), for the glee club. Two prizes for a best "serious" glee were offered; Mr. Elvey gained one, but as a non-member, could not take a prize; and there were only two other qualified candidates for the two prizes!

My acquaintance with THE LUTE is due to a reprint in the *Gloucester Chronicle* of 14th April, 1883, of its two papers on "Rural Music in Gloucester" of February and March, 1883. I at once recognised one of the towns—B.—which I had visited many years ago. An artist who came from it used to play the 'cello at an amateur gathering in Stroud borough in 1833-4, out of which arose, in 1835, the Stroud Philharmonic Society. The "Gloucester Philharmonic Society" in 1833-4 and 1834-5, did very well indeed—under my old teacher, the late Mr. Amott, of Gloucester Cathedral, who in 1832 had issued a nice set of chants and kyries, &c., now forgotten, but very good! His style of playing was remarkably quiet and easy as regards the fingers—such as one of your correspondents would appreciate. He was also an excellent accompanist. I well recollect my first concert on 25th February, 1834, when "Mynheer Van Dunk" was sung and encored; and that on 15th April, 1834, when the early part of *Acis and Galatea* was performed. Among the chorus singers was my then schoolfellow, the late G. W. Morgan, a pupil of Mr. Amott's, but afterwards organist of Dr. Talmage's Church in New York.

At the "Gloucester Music Meeting," as it was then called, of September, 1832, the choir of the cathedral was used for it for the last time. Miss Sheriff was there, and Mrs. Knyvett and Messrs. Knyvett (alto), Vaughan, H. Phillips, and G. Taylor. In 1835 Mr. Amott transferred it to the nave for the first time. Some curious music of the late Mr.

S. S. Wesley, then of Hereford, was performed, and some attempted at the rehearsal and omitted.

In 1838 poor old Braham, with a weakened voice, appeared. Grisi sang "Let the bright seraphim" with old T. Harper on his silver trumpet. His tone was as soft as a flute, and in the part where the voice and the trumpet run rapidly in thirds one who knew not the music could not have distinguished the one from the other, so skilfully were they combined and blended. Mrs. A. Shaw then took the alto solos for the first time, and Mr. Knyvett, some of the concerted parts. Soon afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. W. Knyvett retired from public life to the Isle of Wight, as Mr. Amott told me. In 1872 I met a musical lady who had purchased, at a sale, some of their furniture, after Mr. Knyvett's death, and the blindness which had come on his widow! She had gone to her friends at Liverpool, and there died about nine years ago.

Her sweet rendering of "Old Robin Grey" at Gloucester, in 1835, is still fresh in my mind! I may add, that in 1835, all the alto solos were assigned Mr. Knyvett, whose voice was sweet but weak, and that Mr. Safo was then the principal tenor, taking Braham's songs. He had returned to Cheltenham. Also that Nicholson and William took Bishop's duet for a flute and clarinet.

Before I conclude may I suggest the exhumation of a favourite septett of 1834-5 by Neukomm, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, and double-bass. I believe that Andre, or his serpent, sometimes took the latter—as he did the basses of Corelli's Concertos. For as the *Musical Library* well said in April, 1834, "Nothing is so new as that which is forgotten." At Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucester, more than 60 years ago, I used to hear much music, such as oratorios in the church and Handel's "Occasional Overture" with flutes and horns for oboes and trumpets, and at a concert in 1832, a local watchmaker took the lead.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

AN AMATEUR.

June, 18th, 1884.

THERE are twenty-seven candidates for the post of director of the Metz Theatre, which has a subvention of 20,500 francs.

If you have twenty pieces which you play imperfectly, no one wants to hear them. But if you have one that you have mastered thoroughly, that is the one you may repeat twenty times without wearying your audience.

"WAGNER CONCERTS" are becoming the rage in this country. The trouble with such concerts is that about four-fifths of the audience sit through the entire performance wondering when the members of the orchestra are going to get through tuning up their instruments.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE latest sentimental essay in songs is a tender ballad beginning

"Who will come above me sighing
When the grass grows over me."

We can't say positively who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair, it will probably be the cow.

A STORY was lately started in Europe to the effect that Piccolomini, the once famous *prima donna*, was in poverty. It turns out to be false, and we Americans are wondering what the European press is coming to. Such stories, of course, don't surprise one hereabouts; but who is it that starts them in staid old Europe? That is the question.

REVIEWS.

CRAMER AND CO.

How to Excel in Singing and Elocution. A Manual for Lady Students, by Jessie Murray-Clark.

THE title of this manual, is perhaps, a little too ambitious, for excellence in singing and speaking is not to be imparted through the medium of printed matter. Still, useful hints may be conveyed, and the student may certainly acquire knowledge of the ingenious mechanism by which vocalist and orator produce their effects. The authoress has founded her work chiefly upon the publications of Messrs. Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke. Her directions are clearly given, without waste of words, and the scope of her instruction is wide enough to take in all essential matters. We recommend the book, especially to amateur singers, many of whose most common faults it is adapted to correct.

F. PITMAN.

The Children's Orchestra. Six Easy and Original Symphonies for the Pianoforte, with Toy Accompaniments. Composed by George Asch.

THE term symphony is misapplied here, and may convey a wrong impression. Actually these movements are short and easy pieces of various kinds, including a Valse and a Galop. Their speciality is, of course, the toy accompaniment, the instruments used, one to each piece being the bugle, drum, cuckoo, bells, triangle, and piccolo. In the nursery the book cannot fail to excite interest and prove useful.

Twenty-six Songs of Ireland. Selected and arranged by T. Crampton.

MANY of the most popular and beautiful lays of Erin are here, with an easy pianoforte accompaniment. The collection forms a Number of Pitman's "Sixpenny Musical Library."

Pitman's Violoncello Album. Selected and arranged by T. Crampton.

THE young violoncellist will find in this album popular airs for the unaccompanied instrument, popular airs arranged for two violoncellos, and popular airs for solo, with pianoforte. All for sixpence! What more can he desire in the way of cheapness?

RICORDI.

Twenty Melodies, with Italian and English Words. By F. Paoli Tosti.

THIS collection of Signor Tosti's songs—including the famous "For ever and for ever"—will be welcomed by amateur vocalists, and not by them alone, since many of the pieces are of such a value as that connoisseurs gladly award them a place in their musical library. It is needless to speak of the stamp of musicianship and the flavour of originality that give character to Signor Tosti's songs, and make amends for an occasional excess of sentimentality. Our readers know all that can be said upon this theme, and our duty by the album is done when we call attention to its issue in a cheap and elegant form.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Six Duets for Soprano and Contralto. Composed by Florian Pascal. (No. 7 of Joseph Williams's Vocal Album.)

AMATEURS may buy this number of the album "right away," certain of having more than their money's worth.

The music is set to standard lyrics by Wither, Herbert, Shakespeare, Scott, and other poets, and is well and gracefully written, with enough of distinction to raise it far above commonplace. The accompaniments form a special feature, and require some skill, but the vocal parts are no less easy than melodious.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Tel-el-Kebir. National Chorus. Words by W. J. Millar. Music by D. Middleton.

THE victory of Tel-el-Kebir is not one to sing about now that we know the stuff of which Egyptian troops are made, but this consideration stands quite apart from any question as to the merits of Mr. Middleton's composition. The music is above most *pièces d'occasion*. It consists of a movement *alla marcia* in C minor and major, appropriately bold, effective, and not wanting in dramatic force. The coda is a verse of "God save the Queen." Pity 'tis that this "National Chorus" does not celebrate a deed upon which Englishmen can look without a twinge of compunction.

GEORGE BELLAMY (Manchester).

How Excellent. Anthem. *Thine, O Lord, is the Greatness.* Sacred Song. *I love sweet flowers.* Song. Composed by George Bellamy, junr.

WE imagine Mr. Bellamy to be a young composer who has not yet acquired the confidence which well-founded trust in his own powers will ultimately bring. He will do better soon, but even now we see qualities worthy of praise, especially in the anthem, which, despite some crudities, encourages hope. The songs are of very simple construction and afford free scope for all the feeling that a vocalist can bring to them.

SCRAPS FROM AMERICA.

IF the playing of some "professors" were as smooth as their tongues are, it would be more to their credit.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* says their festival this year was killed by too much Wagner, and that the public cannot stand "boiler-yard music." Selah!


THE recent Wagner musical festival held in Boston proved so successful financially that Mr. Wagner thinks seriously of giving up the sleeping-car business and devoting his time to music.—*Marlborough Times*.

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover, "Now, George, don't you fale to be at the singing-school to-night." George wrote back that in the bright lexicon of youth (Webster's Unabridged) there's no such word as "fale."

GREAT men, like some heavenly bodies, have their satellites—lesser lights, smaller brained men, who move about them with the hope of attracting thereby some public attention. This class of persons are never calculated to keep the peace, for they are apt on one hand to bestow undue praise upon the object of their admiration, while on the other they are inclined to belittle everything that does not bow before it as they themselves do. It would be well enough if they were to express their ideas in the circle of friends at home, but then this would be but small glory. They often madly rush into print, and thus inflict not unfrequently as severe wounds upon their own leader as upon their enemy. Wagner had plenty such satellites, who stuck closely to him despite his haughty manner. He was one of those who had good reason for saying "preserve me from my friends."

POET'S CORNER.

"TO MUSIC."

 HARM me, oh Muse of Music
With thy all mystic spell ;

And let thy liquid numbers
Of such enchantment tell,
That listening in delicious, deep delight
No other power may move me, save thy might.

Guide me, oh gentle soother !
With firm but wise control ;
And with thy grace benignant
Pervade my inmost soul,
That each small thought subjected to thy will
With passion calm and mild desire may thrill.

Teach me, oh tuneful mistress ;
Thy subtle art divine ;
That e'en though most imperfect
And feeble utterance mine.
Yet such vouchsafed me, will I faithful use
In thy sweet service, dearest, best lov'd Muse.

GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

THE first Life of Handel, in French, has been written by M. Ernest David. It is called, "G. F. Handel, sa vie, ses travaux, et son temps."

AMATEURS will strongly sympathise with Mr. Zerbini (of the Monday Popular Concerts) in the severe loss he has sustained by the death of his estimable and accomplished wife.

SOME people in Berlin are agitating for a law fixing the times at which pianofortes may be played in private houses. Here is an example for the dwellers in jerry-built London houses.

THE Students' Concert given on the 17th ult. at Trinity College, London, consisted of a pianoforte recital by the Benedict Exhibitioner, Miss O. Blanche St. Clair, varied by vocal numbers contributed by Miss Grosvenor Gooch.

MR. CARL ROSA has purchased the performing right for England of M. Massenet's successful opera *Manon*, and will produce the work at Liverpool next December. The task of preparing the English text has been undertaken by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and it is expected that an English edition of the opera will be published by M. Hartmann. We may assume that Mdme. Marie Roze will play *Manon*, Mr. Maas taking the part of Deo Grioux.

ON the 1st of August, Mr. F. Pitman, of Paternoster Row, will publish a new work entitled "The Musical Artists' (Literary and Musical), Lecturers' and Entertainers' Guide, and Entrepreneurs' Directory." It will contain a list of Vocalists and Instrumentalists, arranged alphabetically under Voices and Instruments, Concert Parties, Lecturers, Reciters ; also a complete list of upwards of 1,600 places in Great Britain and Ireland, arranged alphabetically under their respective countries, giving Musical Societies and Institutes, Concert Givers, Public Halls, Newspapers, Printers, Hotels, Bill Posters, &c., &c. The work will be continued annually.

MDME. MINNIE HAUKE has passed through London on her way to Geneva. She stayed only a few days, but is expected to return in the winter.

WE hear nothing more of the proposed performance of Liszt's so-called oratorio at Covent Garden Theatre. This is by no means distressing.

MESSRS. NOVELLO AND Co. have just added "Frederick Chopin" to their "Primers of Musical Biography." Like its predecessor, "Hector Berlioz," it is from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett.

AN evening Concert was given by Miss Emilie Lewis at the Steinway Hall on the 5th ult., when she was assisted by Madame Liebhart, Mme. Emrick, Miss Jeanie Rosse, Mr. De Lara, Mr. E. Levetus, Mme. Dinelli (violin), and Signor Romili (pianoforte).

REPORT vaguely says that Mr. Mapleson has his eye on the Empire Theatre as a probable home for the Italian Opera under his auspices. *Apropos*, we hear that the unfinished building on the Embankment is to be sold for what the materials will fetch.

THE famous portrait of Handel, by Hudson, the property of Dr. Chrysander, is now in the Hamburg library. Happily, the scarcely less celebrated portrait by Denner, is not likely to leave the country, being in the safe hands of Mr. Henry Littleton (Novello & Co).

AT a *soirée* given in his own house the other day by M. Maurel, a curious feature attracted notice. Eight ballet girls from the Théâtre Italien lined the staircase, dressed as mediæval halberdiers, and announced each guest by striking the stone steps with their weapons.

THE Paris Union Internationale des Compositeurs does not appear to be getting on well. Having given four out of six promised Concerts, the directors have put off the remaining two *sine die*. This was the Society that proposed to represent English music by the orchestral introduction to *Colomba*.

ASKED to attend the opening of a theatre in Padua, Verdi sent the subjoined characteristic reply:—Mr. President,—After having had the honour to say already, after having myself told the excellent architect, Sfondrini, that I could not go to Padua for the opening of the new theatre, I am grieved to be obliged to repeat it here for the last time. Everything is against the idea—my age, my health, and, above all, my tastes. And, allow me to ask you, what should I do there? Be seen? Be applauded? Perhaps not even that. I am bound, however, to thank you for the honour, &c., &c.

MISS AGNES LIDDELL gave a successful Morning Concert at 29, Leinster Gardens (by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bauer), on June 20th. Among the artists who assisted were—Messrs. Isidore De Lara, Sinclair Dunn, M.M. Traherne and Cecil and Signor Carlo Ducci. The conductors being Mr. Albert Visetti and Signor Ducci. Miss Liddell sang "Alas" and "Because," Cowen, with great expression and sweetness, and a charming new song of Lady Benedict's, "Fairer than all," which had the advantage of being accompanied by the composer, and at the persistent demand from the audience had to be repeated. Lady Monckton contributed greatly to the success of the Concert by giving one of her delightful recitations.

